

The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by The Press Publishing Company, Nos. 53 to 63 Park Row, New York.
RALPH PULITZER, President, 63 Park Row.
J. AUGUST DELANEY, Treasurer, 63 Park Row.
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 63 Park Row.

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VOLUME 59.....NO. 21,109

THE SAD RIDDLE OF SENATOR LODGE.

THERE will be general satisfaction at the Senate's adoption of the Hitchcock resolution which provides for an investigation of the alleged "treaty leak" that will not exclude the connection therewith of Senators Borah and Lodge.

The public has so far permitted itself to become no more excited over the alleged leak than the facts warrant.

If copies of the Peace Treaty have been handed to private individuals in the United States by any official or department of the Government, it is, of course, a serious impropriety which the Senate cannot ignore.

At the same time common sense cannot overlook the circumstance that copies of the treaty have been selling in the streets of Berlin and Amsterdam for the past three weeks or more, making it entirely possible that the copy which Senator Lodge claims to have in New York may have been obtained quite legitimately from one of these foreign sources.

Senator Lodge has steadily refused to say anything definite about the nature of the copy he saw or from whom he got it.

What is most difficult to understand is how a man of Senator Lodge's calibre and standing could choose to put himself in a position where the public can only see him as a petulant enemy of the Administration striving to do it all the harm he can by a charge which he deliberately strives to keep as sensational and mysterious as he can make it.

Has the Senator from Massachusetts reached a point where he is willing to wreck his own distinguished career provided only he can have the illusion of pulling down something the crash of which will embarrass the President?

The British are reported to be worrying lest some American secure the famous Reynolds portrait of "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse," which is to be sold at auction at Christie's July 4 next. This is the portrait, if we are not mistaken, in which Reynolds's distinguished friend Dr. Johnson wrote his name on the hem of the great actress's gown, saying to her afterward: "I would not lose the honor this opportunity afforded to me for my name going down to posterity on the hem of your garment."

ALREADY AN ICE FAMINE!

THE ice shortage in this city the past week is explained by the ice companies as a result of the sudden spell of July weather, which did not give them time to draw on supplies of natural ice from the Hudson River icehouses.

Whatever the cause, the effect, as usual, hit the small consumer hardest. Families on the east side who buy their ice from small dealers either found themselves unable to get ice at all or were forced to go out and buy it where they could find it at fancy prices.

Ice at a cent a pound the first week in June has an ominous sound. There are many weeks of hot weather ahead, and the prospect of ice famine and ice at increasing retail prices is no pleasant one.

Granted the mild winter of 1918-1919 meant half a million tons less natural ice than usual for New York's needs. This shortage of natural ice has been perfectly apparent since last March. There has been plenty of time to provide for an extra output from the artificial ice plants.

Before the summer has fairly begun the first hot weather leaves the city short of ice and sends the price bounding upward. Is it to be the same story or worse during July and August?

The Mayor's Ice Commission should take the past week as a warning and get down to a little practical planning for the real summer ahead.

Or is an Ice Commission, like some other commissions, created solely to protect producers from the drop in prices that might result from thoughtless increase of the supply for the consumer's benefit?

The House Interstate Commerce Committee yesterday reported favorably a resolution to repeal the daylight saving law. The fight for daylight saving has only begun. But now it will be in the open. No more sneaking "riders."

A CAPITAL CRIME IN RUSSIA.

DUNKENNESS is a capital offense in Bolshevik Russia, according to Ludwig A. Martens, unrecognized commercial representative of the Russian Soviet Government, who has come to the United States to buy goods of anybody who will accept in payment some of the millions of cash that lie in the Moscow Narodny Bank.

"Russia is bone dry and always will be henceforth," declares Mr. Martens in an Evening Post interview.

"We had to make drunkenness a capital offense. During the early days of the revolution soldiers broke into wine cellars, got drunk and committed excesses of all sorts. We had to take strong measures to stop such things. You have to go to Siberia to get a drink in Russia."

We imagine few persons in this country were aware that Bolshevism in Russia is so far advanced as to kill a man judicially and in cold blood for being drunk. The high moral plane of Bolshevism must be maintained at all costs—particularly when such cost may mean at most only another widow and a few more fatherless children.

Making drunkenness a capital crime is a grand and noble idea. Maybe it would appeal to William H. Anderson of the Anti-Saloon League strongly enough to induce him to go and be a high Bolshevik in Russia.

News Notes of Science

To improve the quality of Philippine tobacco the Insular Government is conducting a law requiring the inspection of all that is exported.

A Colorado steel plant has succeeded in casting a shaft 24 inches in diameter and weighing 45 tons for a 1,000-horsepower stationary engine.

Post economy exceeding 12 per cent. is claimed for a French invention.

Claiming Exemption

By J. H. Cassel



The Patriotism That Begins at Home

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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Those Who Continually Destroy but Never Construct

A FRIEND of mine told me about the following incident: She was up in the country boarding, in the home of a good old Irish family. There were a number of other guests in the house.

It seems that among them were three persons who were against the Government; they were against the President; they were against the Congress.

Nothing was done right and the world was all wrong, especially America. Little attention was given to the prattle of these people, as they were regarded as harmless in that they talked and ranted against law and order, and contributed nothing themselves.

But one day during a meal, there was a general discussion of the Peace Treaty and America's part in it. These three guests showed particular antagonism at everything the Americans had done. And there was considerable controversy, wherein the little boarding house woman took a hand herself, as she was serving the meal.

She went to the head of the table and called for order. She spoke something like this: "Now I will ask you three people (calling them by names) to leave my house at the conclusion of this meal. Heaven knows I am poor and need the money, but I don't need it badly enough to feed people who are dead against the country which has given them their bread and butter."

"If you don't believe in this country get out of it! The very people who are always running it down take everything it gives them and contribute nothing to its welfare."

"You have every opportunity and every advantage; you are lawfully safeguarded and secure in your rights. You take all the advantages of this country and yet you have the

The Gay Life of a Commuter

Or Trailing the Bunch From Paradise.

By Rube Towner

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The Cruise of the Paradise Fishing Club

NEWCOMER, having joined every organization in Paradise except the Ladies' Welfare League, got a Saturday off to make his first cruise with the Paradise Fishing Club, of which he was the minnow member.

The occasion was also the first try-out of the Stout Democrat's boat, the Constitution, the first one he had ever owned, so named because he felt it was a case of "sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish."

The Stout Democrat, whose first name was George, was also a lover of personal liberty, and from the amount of "case goods," etc., taken aboard, Newcomer got the idea that George intended to spread personal liberty throughout the world.

Newcomer's one passion aside from commuting was his love of sea food, and in anticipation of reveling in flounder and blackfish and soft clams, and perhaps a lobster of two he breakfasted on a roll and a cup of coffee to be sure of an appetite.

The Constitution headed for "The Point," where it was said the flounders used to fight to see which would be the first to go "over the top."

On the way out to "The Point," "Doc" Mawruss, the tall Republican and the editor started a game of penny ante, while "Little Arthur" devoted his time distributing personal liberty to the players.

With each round Newcomer felt more and more like asserting his individual rights and the same was true of his growing appetite.

How They Made Good

By Albert Payson Terhune

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No. 44—ROBERT FULTON, Who Made Good by Revolutionizing Sea Travel.

SHOCK-HAIRMED young American—thin, wiry, big-eyed—stood in the presence of the greatest man of the age. The American was Robert Fulton; the "greatest man" was Napoleon Bonaparte, ruler of France and master of Europe's destinies.

Fulton had devised a boat which, he claimed, could make headway without sails or oars, against wind and tide—a boat which could be propelled by steam. The claim was so amazingly ridiculous that the inventor had long been branded as a harmless crank. But Fulton had faith in it, and no ridicule or argument could shake his resolve to make good his assertion that a boat could be propelled by steam.

At length, after much wire-pulling, he succeeded in getting his invention before Napoleon. Should Bonaparte accept it for the French Government young Fulton's fame and fortune would be established forever. His fate seemed to hang on the decision.

Now Napoleon was an inspired general and a shrewd statesman, but his knowledge of machinery and of its boundless possibilities was woefully small. It was a part of the man's colossal vanity never to admit his own ignorance. He was wont to mask such ignorance by brusqueness of manner, scoffing at the opponent he could not meet on equal intellectual grounds—which is a common trait among men who lack Napoleon's greatness along other lines to excuse it, and they are the know-nothings, as was Napoleon in dealing with Robert Fulton.

Bonaparte could readily detect the weak spot in an opposing battle line, but he could not see the far more important possibilities in this American inventor's scheme. With a few curt words he dismissed the invention as visionary and impracticable, and thereby he lost more than he won at Waterloo.

Fulton had already launched on the Seine River a model of his steam-boat. The model was full of defects, yet it worked well enough to prove his theory. Napoleon's lofty refusal to study the matter sent Fulton back to America to make still further efforts at interesting his fellow countrymen in his venture.

The tale of long years of discouragement and of his thousand setbacks is too well remembered to need repetition here. Experiment after experiment gradually perfected the clumsy little side-wheel boat, and finally the inventor got his chance at a trial trip.

New York laughed heartily at a newspaper advertisement that Mr. Robert Fulton's first steamboat, the Clermont, would set forth from the foot of Cortlandt Street Friday morning, Aug. 4, 1807, on a Hudson River voyage to Albany. But all New York gathered along the river bank that morning to see the try-out of the crazy contraption. What they saw was an awkwardly shaped little

thing like those of a grist mill) and with a high smokestack towering above her low-cabined deck. From the stack belched masses of smoke. But presently something happened which changed the onlookers' laughter to gasps of astonishment, for the queer wheels were revolving and were watching the water like a group of our blades; and as the wheels turned the Clermont began to move forward, pointing steadily upstream and travelling at a truly unbelievable rate of speed. Robert Fulton had made good.

Against wind and tide the Clermont made her 150-mile voyage toward Albany in 32 hours, and she cut off two hours of this on the return voyage. Up-country folk who had not chanced to hear beforehand about the proposed trip stared at the passing steamboat as at some creature from another world.

Incidentally in that first trip the whole future of steam navigation and of commerce and of war was changed.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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Facing Cessation of Innkeeping, by Sumptuary Legislation, Gus Announces He Will Take Up Inventing as a Profession.

AS the ominous day approached, said Gus, "you stuff birds, don't you?"

"Well, yes," said the taxidermist. "And my wife, Lena, does, too. She stuffs a turkey every Thanksgiving, but is she an artist? I'd give her a knock if she said it!"

"Anything done well, that one likes to do, is art," declared Mr. Jarr. If Tony, the barber, cuts hair well, and likes to cut it, he's an artistic hair-cutter. And if Mr. Jones stuffs birds and animals well and glories in his work he is, as he says, an artist.

"Such nonsense!" said Gus. "We got too many artists in this country now. What we want more is inventors."

"We have plenty of inventors," said Mr. Jarr. "Yankee ingenuity is world-renowned. We invented the telegraph, the telephone and aeroplanes that now fly across the broad Atlantic; we—"

"But I notice though," interrupted Gus, "that when you pick up anything that is new, and is something you ain't seen before and is a handy thing, and you look at it close you see the word 'Pat' on it. So the Irish is doing most of the inventing, not Americans!"

"It's a pity you never turned that gigantic mind of yours to invention," said Mr. Jarr heartily. "Think how many ingenious and useful articles you could originate, what long-felt wants you could fill. But you don't. You just criticize!"

"Don't you believe it!" retorted Gus, quickly. "I got my mind on an invention that ain't been invented yet, and it will make me big money."

"It's an umbrella that nobody can steal from you," said Gus. "When I get that invention you'll see me give up this liquor store quick."

"How will it work?" asked Slavinsky. "Can I go in on it?"

"I got the idea from the phonograph my wife Lena has upstairs to jam dance with," said Gus, "but I ain't worked it out yet. You see, umbrellas ain't stole no much as you forget 'em; and then somebody comes along and picks 'em up where you leave 'em."

"Yes, go on!" said his listeners. "Well, Gus's 'you-can't-lose-me-umbrella' will have a phonograph in the handle and the head of it will be like a duck or a goose. When you put it down and start to go out, forgetting it, or when you leave it in the car, the duck's mouth will open and say 'help! help! I am lost!' or 'Come back and get me, Gus, you big thick-head!' And then if you don't come back for it and somebody else picks it up it will holler 'Police! I am stole from Gus!' See?"

"He's mumbogging!" whispered Slavinsky. "That's Yiddish for crazy. But I'd be the same if I was to come along to put me out of business and not pay me for it!"

"Taxidermist!" asked the customer. "Sure," said Gus. "We all thought it was something about taxidermy because it sounded like it."

"But to take defunct fauna, foreign or indigenous, and make it assume the appearance and semblance of life alert and animate is art. Who can deny it?" protested Mr. Jones, who was from Boston.